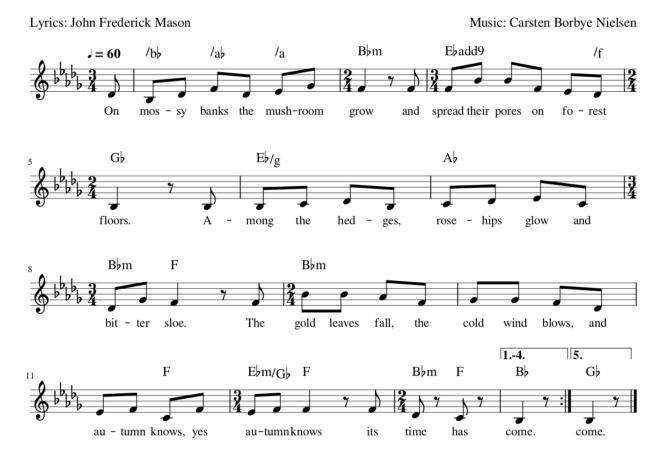
## Its Time Has Come



On mossy banks the mushrooms grow and spread their pores on forest floors. Among the hedges, rosehips glow and bitter sloe. The gold leaves fall, the cold wind blows; and autumn knows, yes, autumn knows its time has come.

Now silhouetted row on row the trees are bare in empty air. And black against the piling snow, a single crow. The nights are long, the rivers froze; and winter knows, yes, winter knows its time has come. Ice melts and frees the moving floes. The songbirds fill each daffodil. In filtered sun the first bees browse the hanging boughs of apple blossom, budding rose; and springtime knows, yes, springtime knows its time has come.

In shadows that the hot sun throws the cattle graze; the cornfield sways, and swallows arc and bend their bows, now high, now low, where rivers' curling water flows; and summer knows, yes, summer knows its time has come.

In storm and flood, the typhoons blow. The danger nears but no one hears. The icecaps melt, the arctic snow, seas overflow; on drifting sands the deserts grow... And mankind knows, yes, mankind knows its time has come.